



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

18448
43.21



18448.43.21

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918





4810

THE
Child of Nature.

A
POEM.

BY
EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

FROM kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep, embitter'd woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;
And where its venom'd exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden. P. B. SHELLEY.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY R. CARLILE, 135, ELEET STREET

1825.

18448.43.21

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERETT JANSSEN WENDELL
1918

DEDICATION.

TO

MR. RICHARD CARLILE,

AND THE

FRIENDS OF FREE DISCUSSION.

GENTLEMEN,

FINDING, that doubts still hang upon the minds of individuals, as to the validity of "*revealed religion*," notwithstanding all your endeavours to remove them; the author of "*The Child of Nature*," ever diffident as to points of faith, yet a zealous advocate for the propagation of truth, begs leave to offer, to your notice, the humble efforts of his untutored, and artless muse, feeling, that if his humble, but ardent, endeavours should turn aside but one of the malignant shafts of the relentless persecutors of the searchers after truth, and remove but one atom of the countless prejudices which have cast their baleful influence, like a satanic veil over the snowy mantle of truth—he will be amply rewarded for his toil. Being, like you, fellow labourers, a searcher after truth, it behoves me, to scan the sable knaves, who preach "established doctrines," and "deal damnation round;" to search the origin of their story, as their God has cast doubt upon the subject, and has said, that "the prophets prophecy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means." We have also the authority of a saint, for "searching the scriptures and proving all things." I hope the "*seventh day cherubs*" will not feel indignant, as they are clothed in the omnipotent armour of parliament, if I should attribute to their labours, the great mass of ignorance and crime, with all their concomitant evils, which disgrace the major part of the civilized world. If we are to judge men by their actions, we may safely rank them, next in power and crime, to their great benefactor, to him "known in Palestine and named Beëlzebub*."

Finding also, that the inconsistent, though not less *divine*, doctrines of the *holy scriptures*, promulgated to the four corners of the earth, carry nought but death, bloodshed and terror in their train. I have stepped forward, at the risk of appearing singular, and in the face of what was once called popular opinion (though I believe popularity is fast changing sides) as an advocate of free and fair discussion. Although my orthodoxy, as to the truth of "*HIS MAJESTY'S RELIGION*," is not to be doubted, I must confess, that in spite of the terrors of faggot, fire and imprison-

* Paradise Lost.

ment, I have sometimes felt a difficulty in believing, that the *three cornered God of the Christians* (though they attribute to him so many fiend like qualities,) would first create two innocent beings, wholly unlike this degenerate race, whose subtilty is equal if not superior to the snakes and place them in an earthly heaven, then create a snare into which they might fall, which would damn them and their posterity to the end of time; that this God, who they say, is unchangable, should repent himself, make a second will, return to *terra firma*, in the form of a Dove, and yet remain in heaven; that this Dove whom the Christians say was God, should commit *adultery* with a *virgin*, and, by that means, beget himself, who was begotten from all eternity, and that God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost were all one, exactly of one age, all in Heaven, all upon the earth, all directing the great machinery of the universe, and all concentrated in the *Virgin Mary's Womb*! Here, Gentlemen, I will demonstrate, ere I introduce you to my pages, why, historians have been so silent about the nativity of Christ, (though by the bye, I think it might at least be Jesus Christ, Esquire, in the mouths of the Clergy;") for, if God were shut up for nine months in the *Virgin Mary's womb*, all nature, during that time must have been suspended, the whole creation a chaos, and Mary the only living object, she alone being animated by her celestial and intelligent burthen. It also appears singular, that when this three bodied, one spirited, heterogeneous non entity was born, that he should remain the drudge of the *cornuted Joseph*, upwards of thirty years, and that this triangular Gentleman, finding still, that the old snake (whom he created) reigned predominant in the hearts of mankind, should condescend to scourge and spit upon himself, and finally commit suicide upon a cross, between two thieves, for the purpose of reconciling himself to his Devil and his weak and erring creature man. Though man was the acting agent in this tragedy, he could only perform his part, according to the doctrine of the Christians, by the means of his God: and, finding, also, that at this degenerate day, no one can converse with or describe, so as to appear tangible to the senses of a rational man, the immaterial non-entity which the Christians have chosen for their God, your very material servant thinks it not too much to assume, that, they have no knowledge of a God, beyond the ebullitions of an overheated imagination. The Christians have said, in the first article of their faith, that "God is without body, parts and passions" which I firmly believe, and such being the case, your very humble and material servant, is at a loss to know, how an immaterial being could so far operate upon matter, as to cause himself to be conceived and brought to light in a tangible form.—These being a few of the leading points upon which he has founded his Poem, he begs leave to subscribe himself,

Gentlemen, your assured Friend,

EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

THE
CHILD OF NATURE.

WHEN the bright mirror of the rising sun
Shed his warm influence o'er my native grove
The cadence of the busy day begun,
The shepherd swain now tun'd his pipe to love.

And as his fingers touch'd the tuneful lyre,
Unconscious of the foolish bubble fame,
His soul was wrapt in such poetic fire,
As mercenaries seek, but seek in vain.

He swept the chord, whose loud vibrating strain
Seem'd with wild cadence to hang on the vale,
With love's sweet melody charm'd hill and plain,
All nature smil'd, 'twas health and beauty's tale.

Sportive o'er rocks, his timid lambkins play
And crop the *heather's* sweet and flow'ry bloom ;
The milky dams lead on the scented way,
While his wild notes made blithe the silent gloom.

As on the moss crown'd hill, he raptur'd lay,
Musing on sordid man—the verdant gale
Wafted a thousand sweets from flowrets gay,
Where bees were banqueting from dale to dale.

Quick sped the day, unconscious to the swain,
Who, wrap'd in solitude, now mus'd alone,
Protracting moments with his happy strain
And drinking pleasures yet to kings unknown.

His flocks surround him and the waning day,
 Now glowing, sunk into the western skies,
 Yet far and wide still lingers the bright ray
 And sheds a radiance of ten thousand dyes.

Soon the faint shadows of approaching night
 Warn'd this rude minstrel that the day was gone ;
 Fading and dark, before his languid sight,
 Were all those scenes, on which the sun had shone.

Now winding round the flow'ry mantled plain,
 To a rude alcove with time-crevic'd scars;
 Full on his ear, then fell this heavenly strain,
 The just similitude of earthly wars.

“ Hail, minstrel of this lonely hour,
 With heart full of thy magic pow'r,
 Oh ! hear my solemn strain :
 With thee, the woods, the groves and hills,
 The bleating herds and limpid rills,
 Remain without a stain.

But should'st thy wand'ring footsteps stray,
 To *king* or *priestcraft's* loathsome way,
 A truce with thee I'll call :
 Then farewell to the sylvan bow'r,
 The healthy dell, the gladsome hour,
 'Tis vitiated all.

No more shall morn gild freedom's shade,
 Nor temper blandish nature's glade,
 The dye is cast for ever :
 For murder and the mitred head,
 In foul contagion will be led,
 The dearest ties to sever.

No more shall Phyllis charm the grove,
 Nor thou e'er tune the pipe to love,
 Here joy shall wing its way :

The horrid yell, the frightful hour,
Clothed in both priest and kingly pow'r,
Shall close each direful day.

They'll tell thee of *three Gods all one*,
That one is three, when he's alone,
Yet the two still exist :
They'll tell thee God created all,
Man's happy reign and then his fall,
And all the heavenly list.

But e'er I come to mortal man,
Let me the triple God-head scan,
The first creative cause :
From cause unto effect they run,
And end the strife where they begun,
Through *art* not nature's laws.

"The first cause an effect must be"
More sure than one can still make three,
Then where's the ruling pow'r ?
Not in their triple God remains,
The pow'r to shake earth's inmost veins,
Nor orbit's natal hour.

Nought does exist but what we see,
And so to all eternity,
On this material earth.
The immaterial God they've given,
And like a king thron'd him in heaven,
Is nought but fancy's birth.

All's motion to the smallest grain,
That nicest vision can sustain,
Or optic aid espy :
The woods, the plains, and arid strife,
All harmonize and teem with life
Each changing destiny.

Altho' thou canst identify
 Thy flocks, tho' years are rolling by,
 Yet they are not the same :
 Whether inanimate or not,
 All grow to form, then die and rot,
 And then compose again.

The milk that fills thy moving clay,
 Was grass and herbs but yesterday,
 And will be so again ;
 All rise again, that live and die,
 And vegetate futurity,
 While matter does remain.

No blade of grass, no tree remains,
 Nor flower on the enamel'd plains,
 Not form'd from mortal clay :
 This morbid earth no plan has got,
 But man on it is born to rot,
 Since time's eternal day.

Those blades and flow'rs now feed thy lambs,
 Who suck them from their fleecy dams,
 When purified again :
 So matter will for ever be,
 From and to each* eternity,
 In everlasting reign.

This is resurrection's all,
 That thus repairs and mends the whole,
 And not the triple host :
 In vain, in nature's forms they dress,
 Three phantoms which they thus express,
 God, son and holy Ghost.

They know this God, tho' without form,
 And that he rules the awful storm,
 And all things here below :

* Each as to past and future.

All substance to thy sense is known,
 Thou canst *not* know that which has none,
 Nor to that nothing bow.

This immaterial God must then
 Live only in the minds of men,
 Not in the splendid whole :
 Matter *he cannot* agitate,
 Nor aid in this or future state,
 The thousand orbs that roll.

But should'st thou roam where murd'ring kings,
 Or priest the quaint Te Deum sings,
 They'll shew thee this God's creed :
 Thou *must* believe or thou art damn'd,
 And into Hell for ever cramm'd,
 This is their saviours meed.

The priest and king thou both must pay,
 And yield to their tyrannic sway,
 One third* of all thy flock.
 Their milk and all must go in kind,
 This is the way they lead the blind,
 Prepare to meet the shock.

What's past relates to God alone,
 Let's now come to the wicked one,
 Whom God, they tell us, made :
 This *thing* they do the *Devil* call,
 He's also *King* of a dread hall,
 Or dark sulphurous glade.

'Tis he who gives the priest his pow'r,
 To hold in mental fear each hour,
 The fools who hear him prate :

* The present system of kingcraft and priestcraft, robs the labouring man of upwards of one third of his earnings. Some politicians say two thirds.

This fiend is omnipresent too,
 Has imps who dirty work can do,
 Like kings of present state.

This *fiend* or *King*, their words imply,
 Can on his hellish pinions fly,
 Through earth, through sea, through air :
 Can fathom deep each dark abode
 And vanquish e'en the will of God,
 In horror and despair.

Let's now to the creation go,
 Where man was born to mortal woe,
 In time's first cheerful dawn :
 Where fiction's God fictitiously made,
 And NOTHING unto NOTHING said,
 "Spread me a beauteous lawn."

Quick out of chaos see globes arise,
 Through empty space an orb there flies,
 And forms a central sun :
 Here vallies in the woodlands lie,
 Here mountains tow'ring to the sky,
 There thousand rivers run.

There swells a sea whose billows roar,
 And teem against the rugged shore,
 With num'rous beauties fraught :
 The Lion's roar, the thunders shock,
 The stately Bull and timid flock,
 These NOTHING † made from NOUGHT.

In other climes, more systems rise,
 There other orbs all harmonize,
 Far as the eye can roll :
 In distant space, more suns do blaze,
 Tho' this the work but of six days,
 Of the stupendous whole.

† NOTHING; the Christian's God, or any kind of God, Gods or Goddesses, except those of the heathens, which were generally made of a bit of good strong oak.

Last, man, their God's peculiar care,
Tho' God created him a snare,
And tempted, soon as made :
In fabled Eden, there did grow,
The tree of fiction-moulded-woe,
Or symbol of priest-trade.

Saturday night, the scene of joys,
E'en Christian's God himself made toys,
On that momentous eve :
This toy was man from mother earth,
He moulded him and gave him birth,
The wafting gale to breathe.

The earth, this sportive Godships's board,
Where he presided host and lord,
His toys were human bones :
Soon as weak man increas'd his kind,
Kings murder'd all whose reasoning mind
Would not support the drones*.

But erst, when Eden's sacred shade
Became the earthly promenade
Of this high lord of all,
He took man to his special care,
And caught him in the fabled snare,
To dupes and fools appal.

But when this glade disrob'd its charms,
And shew'd its sweet, alluring forms,
All fraught with joy each grove ;
There radiant day and sombre night,
And sacred ray and holy light,
Surrounded all with love.

In the cool shade, their God would stray,
Enjoy the young enchanting day,
And sighing zephyr's gale :

* Drones—kings and priests.

Would view the vale and pendant wood,
Which he, 'tis said, pronounced good,
Within the hallowed vale.

All good and ill from him did flow,
The orbs at his dread nod must bow,
Or mystical intent :
Man in this pristine age did sin,
Not from his love of rioting,
But being innocent !

Thus priestly craft with science deep,
Made fabled Adam orpid sleep,
To mend the former plan :
His rib which proved the cruel strife,
They make God take and bring to life,
And this they call wo-man *.

Woe, woe, dark woe, hangs o'er his head,
Be who he will, hen peck'd and led,
For fair, fair woman's sake :
The fairest fields have flow'd with blood,
And fertilized with human flood,
Since she spoke with the snake.

The desert wild and flow'ry plain,
Wherever Christian priesthood came,
Can testify my word :
The sword unsheathed in Christian cause,
Adieu to just and moral laws,
For glory of their lord.

Here thousands writhe in agony
And numbers pine and lingering die,
In boasted freedom's land :
Whate'er may be our fate above,
When resting on Jehovah's love,
Below we're doubly damn'd.

* God created Eve twice : See Genesis chap. i. ver. 27, and
chap. ii. ver. 22.

Incarcerated numbers dwell,
 In coops as bad as fabled hell,
 For doubting this vague word :
 Their judges, too, are much the same
 As he who feeds the sulphurous flame,
 Their hell's satanic lord.

I humbly beg the Devil's pardon,
 A fiend himself you'd have to harden,
 E'er he would burn the just :
 Whilst here pale suffering innocence,
 In vain implores to make defence,
 'Gainst priestly vice and lust.

Here priest-made orphan's wail and cry,
 And mother's fond despairing eye,
 Beholds the dreadful grate :
 An emblem of the fabled creed,
 For which so many millions bleed,
 The dye of her sad fate.

Digressive thought hang's o'er my pen,
 When scenes like these rise to my ken,
 A pardon I must crave :
 When ignorance, upheld by pow'r,
 Can form in one sad evil hour,
 An intellectual grave *.

Now Eden, let, me to thy bow'r,
 And tempt thy Eve, the new made flow'r,
 For sweet religion's sake :
 Let me pourtray their damning tree,
 The type of dark'ning liberty,
 And priestly feeding snake.

There the fair tree of knowledge stands,
 And deadly shades o'er spread the lands,
 The Upas to our seed :

* Dorchester Gaol ; Chapel Yard, Newgate, &c.

Now God forbid man's mind to stray,
To this sad Tree's all tempting way,
But woman did the deed.

Then God created passions strong,
And all things, from the warbling song
To fiend's malignant moan :
Has he the will and pow'r to save,
All souls from satan's fiery grave,
Ah ! why should thousands groan ?

Jehovah's *self*, ill fated hour,
Came to enjoy the rural bow'r,
In evening shade to walk :
Eve heard his voice and conscious said,
“ * Retire to this sequester'd shade,
I hear th' Almighty talk.”

“ Naked we rest upon the plain,
I feel the flood of conscious stain,
O'erflow my purpling cheek :
Repair to this fig-tree, she said,
I'll deck our limbs in the cool shade,
With God prepare to speak.”

“ Adam a'hoy,” God thund'ring said,
ADAM. “ I heard thy voice and was dismay'd,
Was naked, and in fear :”
GOD. “ Who taught thee this.”
ADAM. “ 'Twas woman's power,
That led me to the deadly bow'r,
These tidings I do bear.”

† The tête a tête which takes place between Eve and the snake, in the third chapter of Genesis, verses, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, gives the direct lie to the other parts of the Bible, where it is asserted that Adam and Eve did not know good from evil, previous to eating of the forbidden fruit. Eve defends herself against the wicked machinations of the snake, with as much ability as if she had been brought up a counsellor.

The beauteous snake, first orator,
 That e'er harangued to man or her,
 Here knowledge gave to man :
 So this all-wise omnipotence,
 Scarce his long reign of woe commenced,
 E'er Satan Mar'd his plan,

Their God, from whom knowledge did flow
 Ask'd man's weak aid the truth to know,
 Why clothed there he stood :
 The Bible God oppos'd to truth,
 Will meet from man relentless ruth,
 And perish in the flood.

But not the flood of waters high,
 Pour'd from the blue ætherial sky
 But from terrestrial man :
 The flood of truth's their direst foe,
 'Twill shortly prove their overthrow
 Their frauds s'en children scan.

Truth, sacred God, who leads the sway,
 To science and to virtue's way,
 All hail ! thou deathless pow'r :
 Before thee, Gods and tyrants bow,
 The hydra vice thou shalt lay low,
 In freedom's happy hour.

But reason's voice shall loud s'er long,
 Responsive knell the thundring song,
 That all alike are free :
 Neglected reason's snake of all,
 Man's degradation and his fall,
 And bane of liberty.

From happy glades, man's forthwith cast,
 And hurled on the impetuous blast,
 Of slavery and of scorn :

The garden of his youthful days,
Unfolds in one imperial blaze,
By murdering factions torn.

And ne'er shall man resume again,
Beneath a God or tyrant's reign,
The Eden of his joys :
Truth only can unfold the gloom,
Which shades the cradle and the tomb,
To joy which never cloy.

Fair truth can never be destroyed,
Nor matter e'er become a void,
While reason holds her seat :
The little tyrant of a day,
May dim the light of nature's ray,
Still truth's her safe retreat.

Next through each darksome age they ply,
The shafts of erring destiny,
From apple-eating man :
Murder and carnage spread the land,
Led by their Gods all dread command,
Who laid the wicked plan.

These tales, they hand to after times,
And spread the lie through many climes,
THE BIBLE IS TRUTH'S GAOLER ;
A God sublime, they all adore,
And expiate with learned lore,
This omnipresent tailor*.

* It is evident from Genesis, chap. iii. ver. 21, that God must have acted the part of both Tailor and Butcher as it appears that he made coats of the skins of beasts and clothed both Adam and Eve with them. What a wide difference between God and his representatives! It seldom happens, that those earthly cherubim (priests) deal so with unfortunate sinners. No, no, they take them before their congregations, and fine them, if incapable of paying their fines, they send them into durance a few days. Now,

Oh, ye! who oft the trade despise,
 And stitching wights keen satarize,
 Reflect—ye are blaspheming :
 If God in rev'ence held the trade,
 And neatly drew the one ey'd blade,
 Revere the trade of seaming.

Yet still more gen'rous deeds are done,
 By him who made the rising sun,
 Than priests of present day :
 Before he drove from Eden's shade,
 The cursed pair he just had made,
 He made them liv'ries gay.

For man to propagate his kind,
 Next occupied the vacant mind,
 Of this frail son of clay :

with regard to God being both Butcher and Tailor, it is but reasonable to suppose, that he must have been under the necessity of killing the beasts from which he took the skins. Making a coat certainly looks very like tailoring; so does killing a beast look very like butchering, although we hear nothing of the dressing part. Perhaps, I may be contradicted, with regard to God being both Tailor and Butcher; for in the third chapter of Genesis ver. 22. he is made to say: "behold, the man is become as one of us," *us*? What Christians? What *us*? you pretend to have but one God, although, upon occasions you split him into three, yet he still remains one! Was he speaking to a part of himself upon this occasion? Was the trinity divided or in unity, or was there a regiment of Gods, expert hands at butchering? He must have had assistance, or have been very sanguinary himself, when he slew 50,070 people for peeping into his Shittim wood Box. With journeymen, or no journeyman, a man is amenable for every thing done in his name: whether a God is or is not. It is a pity that God should be called to account for every thing done in his name, as dreadful atrocities are committed under it every day. That little word *us* speaks volumes. It plainly indicates a plurality of Gods and smells very strong of the heathen mythology. What sublime ideas the christian Bible makers must have had of their deity, to set him a tailoring. According to our notions of tailors, they are something less than men. If the Christians believe their religion to be true, it must be the duty of all truly orthodox, to revere the tailors, as God himself was not above following the trade, although they have not told us who made his needles.

He knew his rib and it conceived,
 Thus was the joyful trade received,
 That's practis'd to this day.

We'll skip some years of strife and woe,
 And step straight down to Captain Noah,
 Now that the world is made :
 Lust and murder's all we know,
 Of this dark age of mental woe,
 Till God the world invade.

Now from the deep, he makes the water rise,
 And pours it copious from the cloudy skies :
 Noah, birds and beasts, at his command,
 Forsake the groves and navigate the land.
 The human race in drowning sorrows rave,
 And all the world then meets a wat'ry grave,
 From all the millions not one family's sav'd,
 This dreadful tablet on the Bible's grav'd,
 Excepting Noah's and some few chosen beasts,
 To stock our farms and breed a tythe for priests.
 In short, for weeks they float the troubled main,
 And then retire to mother earth again.
 Soon this new race much worse was than before,
 And liv'd in vice and drench'd the plains with gore.
 God chaf'd to madness, thus to be undone,
 To *terra firma* sends his only son,
 Part of himself, to please the Devil, he sends,
 But hold my muse, not here the story ends,
 He's still in heaven, the holy Ghost descends.
 The Holy Ghost, or God the uncle, comes,
 Pray, Sirs, look grave ecclesiastic drums,
 Roll this sweet story on believing ears,
 Which enslav'd Europe many hundred years.
 This God, the uncle, co-equal with the same,
 To holy Mary once a wooing came.
 The maid seduc'd so thus, the catiff elf,
 For us weak mortals did beget himself.

He, immaterial—I, no metaphysician.
 Cannot quite tell how he made th' incision :
 Or whether a *semen* did the virgin foil,
 Of the same nature, as king Charles' Oil *.
 Both brought from heaven, by sweet turtle doves,
 Denote the epochs of God's happy loves, †.
 The blund'ring priests have told a blund'ring tale,
 And ne'er describ'd how nature in each vale,
 For nine long months retir'd on vacation
 To wait the time of Mary's incubation.
 The world must have been one chaotic tomb,
 While God was trav'ling through his virgin mother's womb.

And when brought forth, the sun returns with day,
 And rapid earth rolls on her ærial way :
 With double speed, all nature bursts to life,
 And God is suckled by a Joiner's wife,
 For sixteen years, the axe and saw he wields,
 Joseph adopts him, and he plans and builds.
 The saints in heaven and other heav'nly sparks
 Manage affairs by deputies and clerks.
 Some trifling visit's paid, when God's divided,
 Or ought in heaven had need to be decided
 The Holy Ghost ascends: appendages for flying
 And turtles' eyes make up the bird for prying.
 The heavenly courier's gone, quicker than thought,
 The trinity unites, the heavenly ledger's brought :
 All trade above is settled to the letter,
 Canvas'd each leaf and cashier'd ev'ry debtor.
 Thus on we glide and while we've God below,
 A ev'ry turn we've scenes of mortal woe ;
 Murder and carnage, in one direful band,
 Now stalk aghast and shake the trembling land.

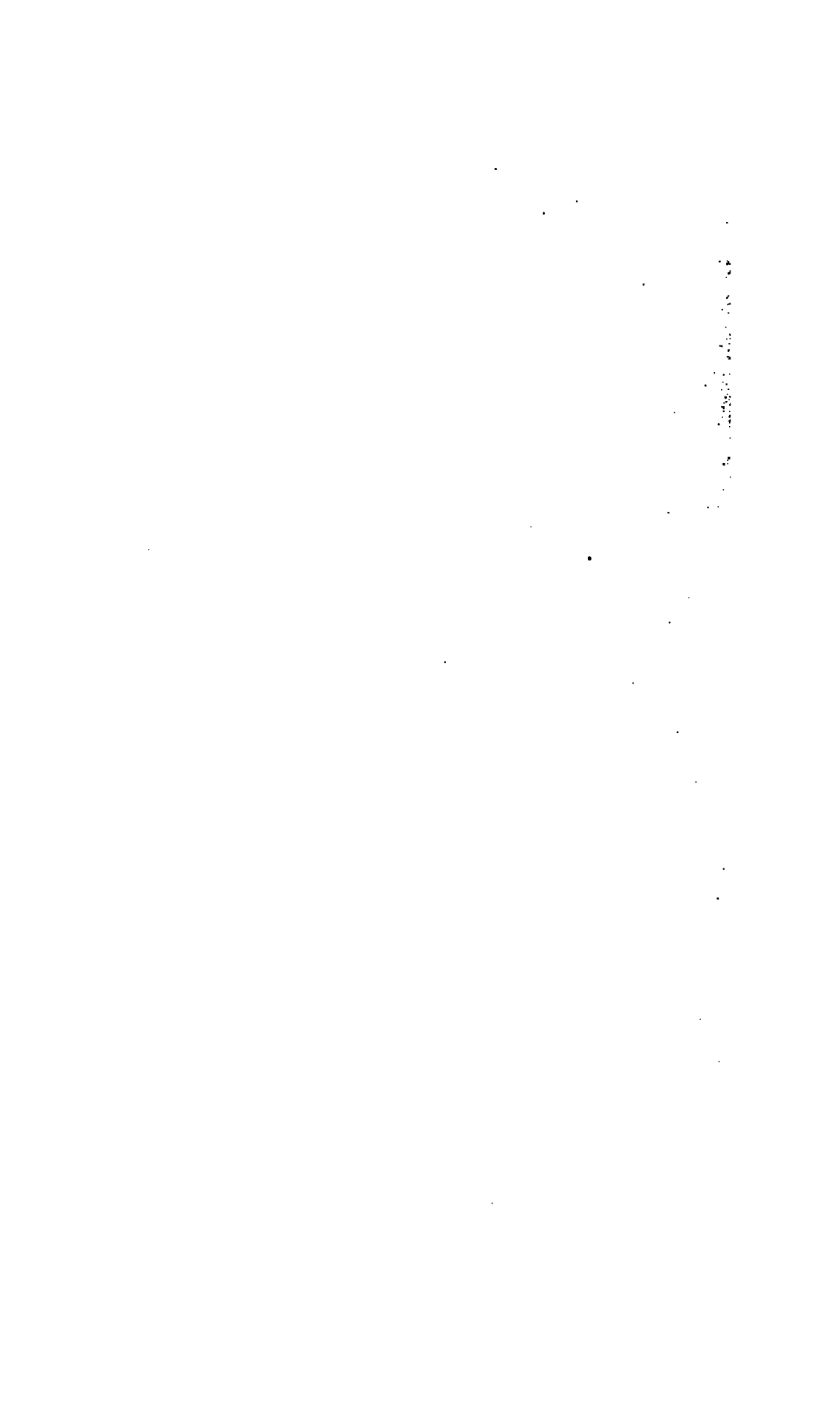
* The oil with which Charles the tenth of France was annointed, was also brought from heaven by a dove.

† The period when animals or vegetables are bursting with seed, may be called the periods of their loves. Carlile. See what is Love.

And vice ~~respond~~ rates o'er his mighty word,
 And still ~~increases~~ for he bless'd the sword.
 Thus wrung, defeated and to madness hurl'd,
 He slew himself and fled the gloomy world :
 And tho' he's dead, the sun just shines as long,
 The air as pure the Lark as sweet in song.
 A sullen silence marks his hallow'd urn,
 Dark superstition's all. The children mourn
 For his sad fate, while priests th' advantage take
 To drink their wine and eat their tythed cake.
 This leading *trait* in England's constitution,
 Makes thousands feed on mental prostitution.
 Now tho' we've ev'ry thing that's good below,
 Christ still is absent, or he does not know,
 What famous pretorships we'd vote him here.
 Churches by scores would doubtless be his gear,
 Heavy tithes paid every quarter year.
 And as he's learn'd to use the axe and saw,
 There is no doubt, he would be all the go ;
 And chosen straight by England's constitution,
 To patronize their Masonic institution.
 Thus having said, the vision took its flight,
 And fled away beneath the robe of night ;
 The wandering shepherd sought the flow'ry plain,
 His mind encumber'd with both Gods and men,
 With fervour hoped, they'd ne'er invade his soil,
 Nor *king* nor *priest* e'er feed upon his toil.

7

FINIS.







This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

18448.43.21

The child of nature;

Widener Library

003702545



3 2044 086 791 332